

WEEKLY SERMONS.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Weekly Discourse.

"The Peace That Passeth All Understanding" is the Title of the Fifteenth Sermon in the New York Herald's Competitive Series—Dr. Talmage on the Maine.

"Seek peace, and pursue it."—Psalm xxxiv, 14.

These words mean that peace is an object worthy of being vigorously sought, even indeed of being hunted after.

1. There is peace which is the opposite of worry. The future is always uncertain. We lay our plans as wisely as we may, but there are innumerable contingencies between them and their realization. We keep asking ourselves, "Have I omitted any important item from my calculations? Have I put my money in good securities, or in an enterprise that after all lacks promise? Is accident or sickness going to befall me? Have I made proper provision for my family or for my own old age?" There are lines of care upon the faces we meet. Even though some people are careless and light hearted, most men know the stern realities of life, and do not cast off care easily. Life brings its worries, and where there is worry there cannot be peace.

2. Peace is the opposite of conflict. War festers a land. Weary marches, fierce battles, horrible carnage on the side of the army and desolation and sorrow in multitudes of homes mark its continuance. Peace means a reunited Nation, business prosperity, intellectual and social advancement, happy homes, rewarded industry—all those good things which we sum under the word "progress." Tumultuous passions rage in some man's breast, envy gnaws or avarice shrivels or anger lacerates or lust burns. What a contrast to such a one the real peace, with the Sabbath morning calm upon his brow and peace like a river in his heart!

3. Peace is the opposite of a disturbed conscience. It is unfortunately true that there are a great many men who are not concerned about their ill doing. It is not peace which is such a comfort, but moral stagnation. The pretty uniform testimony of mankind, on the other hand, is that the human heart is not at peace. That men feel themselves to be somehow out of right relations to duty is the thought that underlies all religions. The great question that comes to the front in heathen lands as well as in Christian is, "How shall a man be just with God?" Until that question is satisfactorily answered there is no peace.

The important, practical question now is, How shall peace be secured?

1. As contrasted with worry, the way of peace is trust. Trust does not imply carelessness or indifference. In our Lord's beautiful discourse His warning in regard to the cares of life is really not "Take no thought," but rather "Be not anxious." "Your heavenly Father," He says, "knoweth that ye have need of all these things." No one is rightly relieved of care in planning or diligence in the work of life, but proper care and reasonable diligence are very different from worry.

This lesson of trust is not always easy to learn, but it can be learned. God is on the throne of the universe. We do not understand His plans, but it is enough that He rules. When we are sure of our pilot we need not question every time He shifts the helm. We cannot see the end from the beginning, but the Father can. It is to be understood that losses and failures, greater or less, will still come into our lives. But they will not interfere with the peace which trust in God brings. It is the peace of the great ocean deeps, even though the tempest rages on the surface. Nor is such peace stolidity; it is not superficial lightness. It is full and true and it possesses the soul. It is deep, pervading, enduring.

2. As contrasted with conflict, peace is to be gained by conquest. It is the battle fought through to victory. It was thus that our nation gained peace in the War of the Revolution. How precarious just now the condition of Europe, with each nation armed to the teeth! It is not a satisfactory peace when war may flame out at any moment. Nothing is ever settled until it is settled right.

In the conflict of passions in the human breast peace can be had only by conquest. A man must be the victor over himself or the evils within him will continue in angry war. The peaceful possession of truth comes only through conflict fought to a finish. We deprecate theological controversies, and some of them indeed are foolish enough. But even theological warfare is better than a calm which is the quiet of death. When the great fundamental religious contentions have been fought through to victory permanent and productive peace will ensue.

3. As contrasted with a disturbed conscience, peace comes through atonement. There will be peace only when man is at one with God. The bringing of this peace is the atonement—through Jesus Christ. The salvation which Jesus brings is not in sin, but from sin. It is a work wrought not so much for the believer as in the believer. It is no artificial process hinging on a legal action. It is something real and vital. It is a new life in the believing heart—the life of God within the man, deep and high and wide as the divine grace and lasting as eternity. This is true peace—peace here on earth, and peace swelling in fuller tide out into the life that lies beyond this.

Rev. Oliver A. Krossen,
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THE DEAD WARSHIP.

Maine Disaster Sent to Show Horrors of War, Dr. Talmage Says.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage spoke of the Maine disaster at the First Presbyterian Church in Washington. His subject was "The Dead Warship," the discourse being on the text James iii, 4—"Behold also the ships."

"The nation is stunned by the destruction of our war steamer. The heart of the world is wrung with sympathy for the wounded and dying, and for the bereft households. The steamship Maine has gone down and been buried in the great cemetery of dead ships. Woeful! Woeful! Let one united and universal prayer go up in behalf of the broken-hearted fathers and mothers and wives of those who perished amid the awful calamity. And do not forget the men who are on many seas in naval service.

Star of hope! beam o'er the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Star of peace! When winds are mocking
All his toils, he flies to thee.
Save him from the billows reeking
Far, far at sea.

"Just why this destruction of our warship was allowed was at first a mystery; but I think I understand it now. I believe the calamity was allowed in order to teach this nation something of the horror of war, so that we might keep out of it. Have war, and instead of 250 men slain, you will have

10,000 slain, 20,000 slain, and instead of 250 bereft American homes, 10,000, yea 20,000 homes in blackness and darkness. Is it not appropriate, under these circumstances, that I show you the debt this nation owes to our American Navy and speak of the heroism of some of those who have trod the decks, and express to those who may hear, as well as to those who may read these words, our gratitude and appreciation. 'Behold also the ships.'"

"If this exclamation was appropriate about eighteen hundred and seventy years ago, when it was written concerning the crude fishing smacks that sailed Lake Galilee, how much more appropriate in an age which has launched from the dry docks, for the purpose of peace, the Lusitania, of the Cunard Line; the Majestic of the White Star Line, and the New York of the American Line; and warships like the Idaho, Shenandoah, Brooklyn, Indiana, Columbus, Texas; and the scarred veterans of war-shipping, like the Constitution, of the Alliance, or the Constitution, that have swung into navy yards to spend their last days.

"We will not know what our national prosperity is worth until we realize what it has cost. I recall the unrealistic fact that the men of the navy in the past and in the present have run and are running now special risks. They have not only the human weaponry to contend with, but the tides, the fog, the storm. Not like other ships could they run into a harbor, or the approach of an equinox, or a cyclone, or a hurricane, because the harbors were hostile. A miscalculation of a tide might leave them on a bar, and a fog might throw all the plans of a commander like Admiral, and accident might leave them, not on the land ready for an ambulance, but at the bottom of the sea. Everywhere at the mercy of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which have no mercy. Such tempests as wrecked the Spanish Armada might any day sweep upon the squadron. No hiding behind the earthworks; no digging in of cavalry spurs at the sound of retreat. Mightier than all the fortresses of all the coasts is the ocean when it bombards a flotilla.

"In the cemeteries for Federal and Confederate dead are the bodies of most of those who fell on the land. But where those dead are who went down in war vessels will not be known until the sea gives up its dead. The Jack Tars know that while loving arms might carry the men who fall on the land, but them with solemn hurry and the honors of war, for the bodies of those who dropped from the rigging into the sea, or went down with all on board under the stroke of a gunboat, there remain the shark and the whale and the endless treading of the sea, which cannot rest. Nothing but the archangel's trumpet shall reach their lowly bed. Cannon ball threatening in front, bombs threatening from beneath, and the ocean with its reputation of 6300 years for shipwreck lying all around. Am I not right in saying it required a special courage for the navy, as it requires a special courage now?"

"It looks picturesque and beautiful to see a war vessel sailing out to sea. Sailors in new rig singing 'A Life on the Ocean Wave, a Home on the Boaring Deep,' the colors gracefully dipping to passing ships; the decks immaculately clean, and the guns at quarantine firing a parting salute. But all the poetry has gone out of that ship as it comes out of the engagement, its decks red with blood, wheel house gone, the cabins a pile of shattered mirrors, and destroyed furniture, steering wheel broken, smokestack crushed, a 100-pound Whitworth rifle shot having left its mark from the starboard, the shrouds rent away, ladders shattered, smoke-blackened and scalded corpses lying among those who are gasping their last gasp far away from home and kindred, whom they love as much as we love ours. O, men who once belonged to the Western squadron, or the Eastern squadron, or the South Atlantic squadron, or the North Atlantic squadron, or the Mississippi squadron, or the Pacific squadron, or the West India squadron, bear our thanks! Take the benediction of our churches. Accept the hospitalities of the nation. If we had our way we would give you not only a pension, but a home, and a princely wardrobe, and an equipage, and a banquet while you live, and after your departure a catafalque and a mausoleum of sculptured marble, with a model of the ship in which you won the day.

"It is considered a gallant thing when in the naval fight the flagship, with its blue ensign, goes ahead up a river or into a bay, its Admiral standing in the shrouds watching and giving orders; but I have to tell you, O veterans of the American Navy, if you are as loyal to Christ as you are to the Government, there is a flagship sailing ahead of you of which Christ is the Admiral, and He watches from the shrouds, and the heavens are the blue ensign, and He leads you toward the harbor and all the broad sides of earth and hell cannot damage you, and ye whose garments were once red with pain and blood shall have a robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Then strike eight bells! High noon in heaven! With such anticipation, O veterans of the American Navy, I cheer you to bear up under the aches and weaknesses that you still carry from the war times. You are not as stalwart as you would have been but for that nerve of strain and for that terrible exposure. Let every ache and pain, instead of depressing, remind you of your fidelity.

But God never forgets. He remembers the swinging hammock; He remembers the forecastle; He remembers the frozen ropes of January tempest; He remembers the amputation without sufficient anesthetic; He remembers the horrors of that deafening night when forts from both sides belched on you their fury and the heavens glowed with the ascending and descending missiles of death and your ship quaked under the recoil of the 100-pounder while all the gunners, according to command, stood on tiptoe, with mouth wide open, lest the concussion of the ship shatter hearing or brain. He remembers it all better than you remember it, and in some shape reward will be given. God is the best of all paymasters, and for those who do their whole duty to Him the pension awarded is an everlasting heaven.

"But will it not be grand when all these scenes of earthly struggle are forever gone? I want down to the seashore very early one morning to see the sun rise over the sea. The night had not yet gathered up all its shadows. Four or five sails against the sky seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. The gloom of the hour and spot was so great I tried to break it by saying aloud: 'Thy will, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path is in the great waters.' It grew lighter. The clouds were hanging in purple clusters along the sky, and as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder fire-wave stood opposite the sea, and here a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the

crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the Great Jehovah. I throw myself upon the sand and utter it again: 'Thy will, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path is in the great waters.' So will come the morning of the world's deliverance. The darkness will fold its tents and away. The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendors of eternal joy. Until the day break and the shadows flee away, 'turn, My beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel.'

And one song employ all nations, and they sing,
Worthy is the lamb that was slain;
And the dwellers on the rock shout to dwellers on the plain,
Till earth rolls the rapturous Hosannah round.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Of the 68,000 school teachers in Prussia only 2000 are women.

The Germans now have found some sort of a refuge in American lumber.

A proposed London hotel will accommodate 800 boarders at two cents a night.

Detroit merchants asked the Aldermen to protect them from outside non-paying auction schemes.

There are over a hundred female students now at the University of Berlin, as against thirty-five last year.

The report of the War Department to Congress shows the militia of the United States to number only 114,363.

A third Chinese cruiser has been launched at Stettin. She was christened Hsi Shun by the Chinese Minister at Berlin.

Emile Zola narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of the mob outside the court house at Paris after one day's adjournment of his trial.

The growth of Agrarianism, or Populism, in Germany has been enormous, and promises to exert a potential influence in the coming elections.

The mobilization is reported at Mong Kal, a maritime town of Tonquin, close to the Chinese frontier, of 3000 French troops, who are to co-operate with the French Navy.

John Williams, one of the most widely known Democratic politicians in Bartholomew County, Ohio, was shot and almost instantly killed by James Lewis at Jonesville.

The Russian auxiliary cruiser Tamboff of 3600 tons displacement, belonging to the Russian volunteer fleet, passed through the Bosphorus at Constantinople, Turkey, with 2000 soldiers and sixteen cannon, bound for Vladivostok.

ROBBERS LOOT A BANK.

Wound the President and Compel Him to Open the Safe.

Two masked bandits rode into Bayard, Neb., held up President A. O. Taylor, of the State Bank of Bayard, forced him to open the safe of the institution, which they robbed, and then they escaped.

Taylor and a commercial man, A. T. Hall, of Chicago, were in the bank after supper transacting some business. Suddenly two men rode down the main street to the bank. They wore black masks and as they entered they drew revolvers and covered the men.

Taylor was to open the vault or be killed. He stated, and one of the men fired, the bullet striking the President's shoulder. He then consented to give the combination, and the safe was opened. The shot attracted attention. In their haste the robbers secured only one bundle of currency amounting to \$500.

A LYNCHING IN KENTUCKY.

Sentiment Seems to Favor the Act as the Only Remedy to Stop the Burglaries.

A mob of about three hundred or four hundred citizens of Mayfield and Graves County gathered from different points in the outskirts of Mayfield, Ky., and dragged Richard Allen, colored, out of the jail, carried him to the court house yard, and swung him to a tree.

Allen was arrested several days before for burglary, and it was for this crime that he was strung up. He was a member of a gang who are responsible for wholesale robberies in the vicinity. Summary justice will be meted out to the others if captured. The citizens greatly deplore the act, but say that only one remedy will stop the burglaries.

Shot His Former Friend Dead.

Dr. S. J. Bivings, a dentist of Spartanburg, S. C., walked into the store of T. J. Trimmer and with a pistol in each hand began firing. Trimmer fell dead with a bullet through his heart. His son, a young man, was shot in the arm. Trimmer conducted the largest bookstore in upper South Carolina and was one of the most public-spirited and popular citizens in the city. Dr. Bivings was one of his intimate friends. The cause of the tragedy is a mystery. Bivings surrendered and is in jail.

Five Children Die by Fire.

Julie and Joanna Bonner, who reside on the plantation of W. S. Guiley, near Livingston, Ala., went to prayer meeting, leaving five children, ranging in age from two to nine years, at home alone. Returning home about nine o'clock they found their house in flames, and could hear the piteous cries of the children as they beat against the door and cried for help. In another moment the roof fell, and before the flames were subdued all five children were charred corpses.

In Honor of Maine's Victims.

A joint resolution for the erection in Statuary Hall in the Capitol building of a bronze tablet to commemorate the officers and men of the battleship Maine, who perished in the harbor of Havana, was passed in the United States Senate. The tablet is to be erected in any suitable place in the Capitol. Five thousand dollars is appropriated.

500 Soldiers Return to Spain.

The steamer Montevideo left Havana for Barcelona, Spain, with about 500 soldiers on board, some invalided and others whose time of service had expired.

Just a Havana Brawl.

There was a fight between a party of guerrillas and several employees of the Street Cleaning Department near Trillo Park, Havana, Cuba. Five policemen interfered to preserve order and, meeting with resistance, used their revolvers. Four of the combatants were shot and three policemen wounded, one seriously. The affair was only an ordinary street brawl.

LA CHAMPAGNE IN PORT.

The Overdue Disabled Liner Towed Into Halifax.

THRILLING TALE OF THE SEA.

Fell in With the Roman Two Hundred Miles Southeast of the Point at Which She Was Anchored When Her Brave Sailors Left Her in an Open Boat to Bring Assistance—All Hands Safe.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia (By Cable).—La Champagne, the French liner, more than a week overdue at the Port of New York, is safe in the Harbor at Halifax, with 461 people, comprising passengers and crew, all safe and sound on board. After toasting helplessly at sea for six days and nights, almost in mid-ocean, the crippled ship was picked up on Thursday morning by the freighter Roman and towed into port. The passengers and mail were forwarded to New York immediately.

On February 12 La Champagne sailed from Havre, France, for New York. She progressed without mishap until off the banks of Newfoundland and well to the north of the regular ocean lane. Late in the evening of February 17 the shaft broke short off, close to the propeller, totally disabling the steamer. Despite the serious character of the mishap and the heavy weather prevailing the passengers behaved admirably.

Captain Poltroit at first thought that his engineers could repair the damage in a few hours, but an investigation showed that the break could not be remedied until port was reached. So La Champagne dropped anchor some 600 miles to the eastward of Halifax and waited for help.

But no help came during the first twenty-four hours, as the drizzle was too far out of the track of steamers. So on the day following the breakdown the captain called for volunteers to man a lifeboat and go in search of assistance. From those who offered themselves the captain selected Third Officer George Unsworth and nine gallant able seamen, all ready to risk their lives in the venture. With plenty of water and provisions on board the little boat set sail and headed south, followed by the encouraging cheers of the passengers.

What this brave crew suffered is one of the most heroic tales of the sea. Day and night for nearly a week they fought against despair and death, doused constantly with icy water and frozen fast to the seats of the boat. Once or twice they heard the throbbing of steamer engines through the fog and mist, but were unable to make themselves seen or heard. And once the freezing sailors passed close enough to a steamer to count the lights on its bow. Unsworth and his men were picked up half dead on Thursday by the steamer Rotterdam bound for New York.

On the same day the Liverpool and Boston freight steamer Roman hooked up the crippled liner and started for Halifax. Just before dark Sunday night, in a thickening snowstorm, the Roman, with her prize astern, toiled into the harbor. A few hours more and the two steamers would have been still at sea, caught in a dark and stormy night, off a dangerous coast. But all is well with La Champagne, and what might have been an ocean horror has ended happily for all hands.

Spain's Point of View.

Premier Sagasta says that no Spanish Government would listen to a proposal to arbitrate the Cuban trouble; the Cardinal Archbishop of Valladolid has written a letter denouncing the United States; "Correspondencia Militar," the organ of the Spanish Army, says that war with the United States is expected in April.

The Lattimer Trial.

The trial of Sheriff Martin and his posse at Wilkesbarre, Penn., was stopped for several days on account of the illness of several of the jurors.

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TRIED TO KILL KING GEORGE.

Greece's Ruler Attacked by Two Men When Returning From a Drive.

An unsuccessful attempt was made at Athens to assassinate King George of Greece.

The King was returning from Phalerum at five o'clock in the evening in a landau, accompanied by the Princess Maria, when two men, who were hidden in a ditch alongside the road, opened fire with guns upon



KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

the occupants of the carriage. The first shot missed, but the second wounded a footman in the arm. The coachman whipped up his horses and the royal party dashed away at a gallop.

The men fired seven more shots after them, none of which took effect, and the King and Princess returned to the palace unhurt. The Metropolitan held a thanksgiving service in the palace chapel at half-past nine o'clock p.m. The Queen knelt, sobbing, throughout the service. A solemn Te Deum was held in the cathedral next morning, at which all the members of the royal family attended.

Sixteen Men Lost at Sea.

The French bark President Felix Faure reports that during a gale in the Southern Pacific her second mate and fifteen sailors were swept overboard.

Mystery of the Maine.

Secretary of the Navy Long said he was inclined to think the matter of "official participation" by the Spanish Government in the destruction of the Maine was practically eliminated from the inquiry as to the cause of the wreck. How he had come to this conclusion Mr. Long did not say.

Many Spanish Troops Killed.

Recent official telegrams have shown marked increase in the number of Spanish troops killed and wounded in the fighting in Cuba. It is very doubtful whether the figures have been so high since the outbreak of the rebellion.

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